ATLAS

ADVENTURES INTO WEIRD WORLDS

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DEC.

NO. 24

10¢

ENTER THESE WEIRD WORLDS

"THE DEAD ONE!"

"MARTIANS... LOOK OUT!"

"THE ROCKET!"

"HALFWAY HOME!"

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... WHAT WENT WRONG? WHAT...WENT... WRONG???

ON SALE MONTHLY

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I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... WHAT WENT WRONG? WHAT...WENT... WRONG???
ON SALE MONTHLY

JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS ON THE BEAM!
GIVEN!
BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!
I'M IN A HURRY TO GET BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE, PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRINGING MY NEW CAMERA!
JUMPIN' JUPITER! YOU'RE SURE SIZZLING TH' OL' ROCKET TODAY, TED!
SAY! THAT CAMERA SURE IS SUPERSONIC! YOU MUST HAVE STRUCK A URANIUM LODE!
DIDN'T COST ME A DIME- JUST GOT IT FOR SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!
HURRY AN' GET DE-PRESSURIZED!
MAIL COUPON
Footballs, Pocket Watches, etc.
Fishing Outfits . . . Flashlights . . . 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles
ACT NOW!
HURRY
I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO AND A TELESCOPE TOO! IT'S EASY SELLING TO YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART PICTURES -
THAT'S FOR ME!
TRAINING BASE
OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!
U.S. MAIL
WE ARE RELIABLE!
Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware, Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start.
ACT NOW
Ukeleles, Watches, Loveable Dolls.
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE PRICE 35¢
OUR 58th YEAR
Alarm Clocks, Pen & Pencil Sets, etc. Mail coupon.
ACT NOW
Radios, Candid Cameras with carrying cases, Telescopes, Roller Skates (sent postage paid) . . . Mail coupon to start.
LET'S GO!
MAIL COUPON! GET BIG CATALOG!
Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen & Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (postage pd.). Rush coupon to start!
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
LET'S GO!
ACT NOW
BE FIRST
Food Choppers, Carving Sets, Bibles. Mail coupon.
LOOK!
WE TRUST YOU!
.22 Cal. Rifles, Archery Sets, School Boxes, Wallets. Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start.
WE TRUST YOU!
OUR 58th YEAR!
LET'S GO!
Footballs, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Boys', Girls' Bicycles (express chgs. collect).
ACT NOW!
Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches, Baking Sets, Typewriters, etc.
Lucite Dresser Sets, Cook Books, etc.
ACT NOW!
MAIL NOW!
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 148-B, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.
NAME ..... AGE .....
ST. ..... R. D. ..... BOX .....
TOWN ..... ZONE NO. ..... STATE .....
PRINT LAST NAME HERE
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today
OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL

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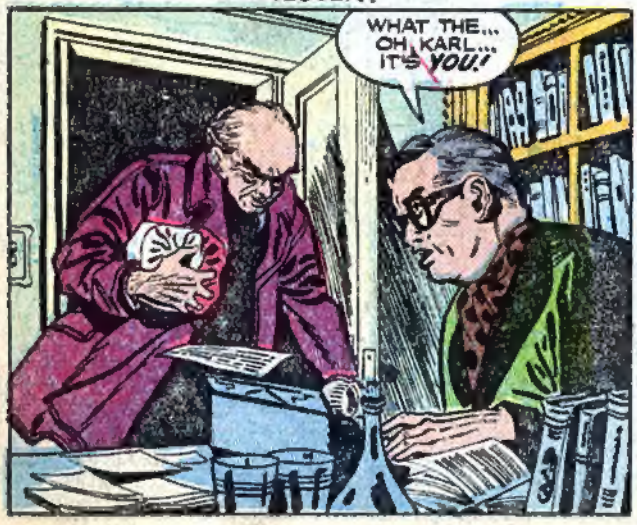
READY FOR ANOTHER SESSION OF SIZZLING WEIRDIES, KIDDIES? GOOD! TO START OFF, WE WANT YOU TO MEET CREEPY KARL...THE OLD BOY HAS DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT SHOULD SHOCK THE WORLD! BUT THE *REAL* SHOCKER IS RESERVED FOR KARL'S BEST FRIEND!

THE ONE WHO WAS DEAD

IT WAS A MOST SIGNIFICANT VISIT... SIGNIFICANT IN TERMS OF IMPORTANCE TO ME... THAT WAS MADE TO MY STUDY ONE NIGHT BY MY GOOD FRIEND, DR. KARL VEBLEN!



GOOD HEAVENS, MAN... UNWIND! YOU STARTLED ME HALF TO DEATH!
I COULD NOT WAIT TO RING YOUR BELL, FRIEND ALEC! PLEASE...NO BRANDY FOR ME... I AM INTOXICATED ENOUGH! DRUNK WITH DISCOVERY!

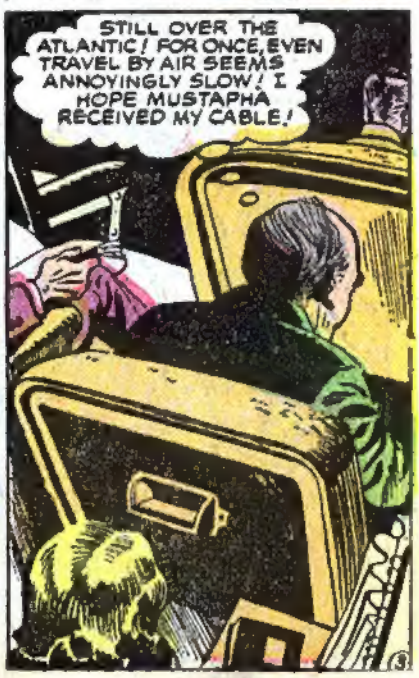
AS A WRITER, LITTLE SURPRISES ME... BUT A GREAT DEAL AROUSES MY CURIOSITY! AND I HAVE NEVER SEEN KARL QUITE SO AGITATED, SO PASSIONATELY EXCITED!
ALEC... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... SUCCESS!
THIS BOTTLE IS IT, MY FRIEND! A PRECIOUS FLUID CONTAINING A "LIFE-GENERATOR"! FROM THE DEAD I CAN RESTORE...
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT IS THAT FOUL SPECIMEN!
IT IS PROOF THAT I HAVE FOUND THE SECRET OF LIFE...THAT I CAN BRING A BODY BACK FROM THE DEAD, NO MATTER HOW BADLY DECOMPOSED! EVEN IF REDUCED TO DUST, I CAN DO IT!
WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, KARL PLUNGED A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE OF HIS "LIFE-FLUID" INTO THE MANGY CARCASS...
AND AS WE WATCHED, THE "THING" SWELLED INTO SIZE...
IT VIBRATED... STIRRED!
A HEALTHY CAT SUDDENLY SPRANG INTO EXISTENCE!
MEEOWWR!
I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
IT HAS TAKEN A GENERATION OF TIME TO PRODUCE ONLY THIS MUCH! ONLY ENOUGH FOR ONE MAN, ALEC! YOU MUST USE IT ON ME!
SO MANY EXPERIMENTS I HAVE YET TO DO! BUT THE DOCTORS SAY I AM TO DIE SHORTLY! FRIEND ALEC... PROMISE! PROMISE TO BRING ME BACK FROM THE DEAD WHEN I DIE!

TO MY EVERLASTING SHAME, I VOWED COMPLIANCE WITH KARL'S REQUEST! A VOW I HAD NO IDEA OF BREAKING! BUT NOT TOO LONG AFTER...

I WAS HAVING A PARTICULARLY HARD TIME OF LATE, WITH A NEW HISTORICAL NOVEL I WAS WRITING... ONE CONCERNED WITH ANCIENT EGYPT...

KARL! THE WORD UNLEASHED A LIGHTNING CHAIN REACTION OF THOUGHT AND WILD IDEA!

THE IDEA SHOOK MY BODY... MY VERY SANITY... WITH THE VOLTAGE OF A THUNDERSTORM! MY MIND FASTENED ON THE IDEA WITH A FIXATION THAT MESMERIZED ME! SHORTLY AFTER...



I CAN SKIP THE DETAILS OF A RATHER UNEVENTFUL TRIP! SUFFICE IT TO SAY I LANDED SAFELY IN CAIRO AND WAS MET BY A GRINNING SCOUNDREL I KNEW FROM FORMER TRAVELS...

B-BUT, MEESTAIR JONES... I AM TOO HUMBLE A ONE TO PRODUCE FOR YOU THE MUMMY OF CLEOPATRA!
NONSENSE! I KNOW TOO WELL YOUR LIGHT-FINGERED WIZARDRY! YOU CAN DO ANYTHING FOR A PRICE!

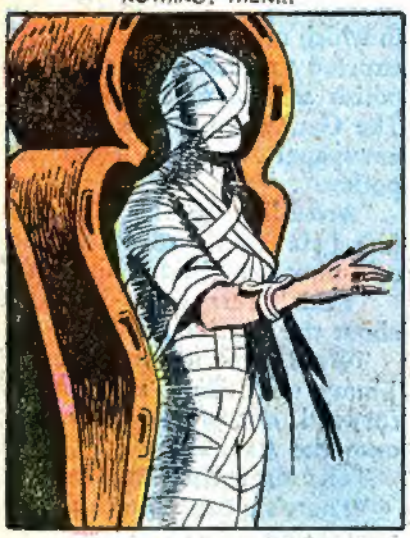
MAYBE... LATE TONIGHT... IF YOU WAIT IN YOUR ROOM! BUT IT IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS!
YOU CAN CUT THE ACT, MUSTAPHA! I'LL PAY YOU WELL FOR WHATEVER DANGER YOU MAY HAVE TO EXPOSE YOURSELF TO!
THE SPHINX ARMS

ALTERNATE MOODS OF WILD EXCITEMENT AND DESPAIR COURSED THRU MY VEINS AS I WAITED THAT NIGHT! HOUR AFTER HOUR DRAINED AWAY! AND THEN....

WITH NERVOUS, FEVERISH HASTE, I PRIED OPEN THE LID! THE LOCKED-IN DUST OF TWENTY CENTURIES... THE POWERFUL ODORS OF ANCIENT EMBALMING FLUIDS... SCORCHED MY NOSTRILS!

COME BACK TO THE LIVING! UNLOCK THOSE LIPS THAT HOLD THE SECRETS OF HISTORY! TELL ME OF LOVE... OF WAR! LEAVE THE SILENCE OF THE TOMB BEHIND!

I HAD ALL THE EMOTIONS OF A MAN GAMBLING HIS ENTIRE LIFE AND FORTUNE ON THE TURN OF A ROULETTE WHEEL! FOUR LONG SECONDS, NOTHING HAPPENED! NOTHING! THEN...



THE VIBRANT LIFE FORCE THROBBED INTO FULL BEING! THE ANCIENT LINEN WRAPPINGS COULD NO LONGER CONTAIN THE BODY WITHIN!

AND BEFORE MY EYES, THE MOST FABULOUS WOMAN OF ALL TIME RETURNED TO LIFE!

EAGERLY, WITH THE TREMBLING OF MY INFATUATION, I STEPPED FORWARD TO TAKE HER HAND, WHEN TO MY HORROR...

LOST IN GRIEF AND DISAPPOINTMENT, I UNCONSCIOUSLY PICKED UP THE BROOCH AND HELD IT FOR A MOMENT IN MY HAND! SUDDENLY, I FELT MY BLOOD CATCH FIRE...

AND AS THE COLD FINGERS OF DEATH NOW SPEED TOWARD MY HEART... IN THESE LAST SECONDS... I *KNOW!* MY ACT OF RESURRECTION WAS *FABULOUSLY* COMPLETE! FOR I HAD ALSO BROUGHT BACK THE *ASP*... USED BY CLEOPATRA IN HER ACT OF *SUICIDE!*

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THE TRAP

FROM the dimly-lighted side-street, the two men watched. Two blocks away, an invisible church steeple rang out the time: eleven o'clock. A sharp, chilling breeze blew past them, and the shorter of the two men shuddered.

"Jimmy!" he whispered. "It's a wild goose chase! They'll never come. It's too late to be deliverin' relics to the museum!"

"Gentleman Jimmy" Corkcoran smiled.

"And what other time do you suppose would be best for doin' the work, my boy?" He shook his head. "You read the paper as close as I did. The consignment was landed this morning — and the exhibit's scheduled to open tomorrow. They've got to get that coffin in tonight, Terry, or they can't open it tomorrow!"

Terry Morg, the "Gentleman's" associate in high-class crime, grunted.

"I don't mind robbin' Duchesses, or banks, or jewelry stores," he said, with some pride. "But when it comes to coffins . . ." again he shuddered.

Jimmy Corkcoran pressed back against the wall.

"'Tisn't as what you might really call a coffin, Terry," he said, "Though there's a dead body in it right enough. It's the ancient boat models, our—uh—'client' wants."

"What's he want with boat models made four thousand years ago?"

Gentleman Jimmy examined his nails.

"Terry, my boy," he said. "Your lack of culture is one of the great defects of an otherwise ideal friendship. Our client is a collector of ancient boat models of all kinds. He has plenty of money, but stuff like this can't be bought. It's usually found by museum archaeologists and belongs to museums—to the public gaze, as one might say. Once we steal these tiny boat models out of the coffin, we collect fifty thousand dollars and our client puts them away in his —uh—private collection. 'Tis a well recognized, though, of course, illegal method of gratifyin' one's artistic impulses."

The smaller man shivered in the breeze.

"But it's said the coffin's cursed, Jimmy," he potested, one eye still on the museum's door. "I read that in the newspapers. And a terrible curse it was, too. You'll remember that the man who dug up the coffin back in Persia disappeared."

Gentleman Jimmy snorted gently.

"'Tis only old grandmothers who'd believe that," he said. "If all the curses on old tombs and coffins had any force behind 'em, people all over the world would be droppin' dead by platoons." Abruptly he stiffened, pointing.

A truck had drawn up in front of the museum. The driver and two other men hurried out of the cab, opened the back and rolled out what looked like a long, high wooden sarcophagus.

Gentleman Jimmy smiled.

"Wood," he said. "We could open it with a pen-knife. I was afraid for awhile it might have been stone." He hunched his thin shoulders. "I'd have no strength for liftin' half a ton of the stuff, even for fifty thousand dollars."

Men had come out of the museum, with rolling dollies. The coffin was raised on them, pushed into the museum. Presently the truck drove away.

Terry Morg fidgeted.

"It's gettin' late, Jimmy," he said. "I want my sleep."

"Think of the poor guy in the coffin," the Gentleman said, with a grin. "Tonight we'll be disturbin' a sleep of four thousand years." He sighed. "Ah, that's no case of insomnia."

Again he stiffened.

"What's up now?" Terry gasped.

"The lights — they're goin' out!" Jimmy said, pointing. "They've got the coffin in place, now they're leavin' for the night."

"And just in time, too," Terry sighed. He patted his side pocket in which reposed a specially constructed set of burglar tools, all polish and chrome and glitter. The Gentleman took a scrap of newspaper clipping from his pocket.

"According to this, the coffin's bein' displayed on the second floor," he said. "Room E."

"Yeah," Terry said. "But what about the watchman?"

"We'll have to chance him," Jimmy said. Both men moved forward, out of the cross-street onto the Avenue.

Terry drew back suddenly.

"There's a cop!" he exploded, whispering.

The Gentleman chuckled.

"And why would he think two respectable gentlemen would be worthy of suspicion, just strollin' by the museum?"

The cop came toward them whistling softly. Terry tensed as he neared, and drew his neck in, trying to hide his face in the upturned collar of his coat.

"Pleasant evening, officer," The Gentleman said, nodding.

"That it is," he replied, pleasantly enough. "'Tis gettin' warmer." And he passed on, swinging his night-stick.

"He'll be around all night," Gentleman Jimmy said grimly. "Come on!" They walked up past the museum. Then with a lightning-like gesture, Jimmy pulled his associate into the shelter of an immense Linden tree.

"Wha . . !" Terry protested.

"Shut up!" Gentleman Jimmy said tautly. "It's time for work. He's turned the corner. Now jump!"

With puffs and grunts, Terry tried to ape the graceful vault of Jimmy Corkcoran over the low stone fence. He landed on his back. The Gentleman helped him up, pointed.

"There's the door we're goin' through," he said. "Get out your tool kit!"

Slyly, on rubber-soled shoes, they approached an ordinary service entrance. Terry opened his kit, handed Jimmy a long, thin tool, sharp-edged on both sides,

CONTINUED BEFORE LAST STORY

THERE'S EVERYTHING EVERY BOY WANTS IN...

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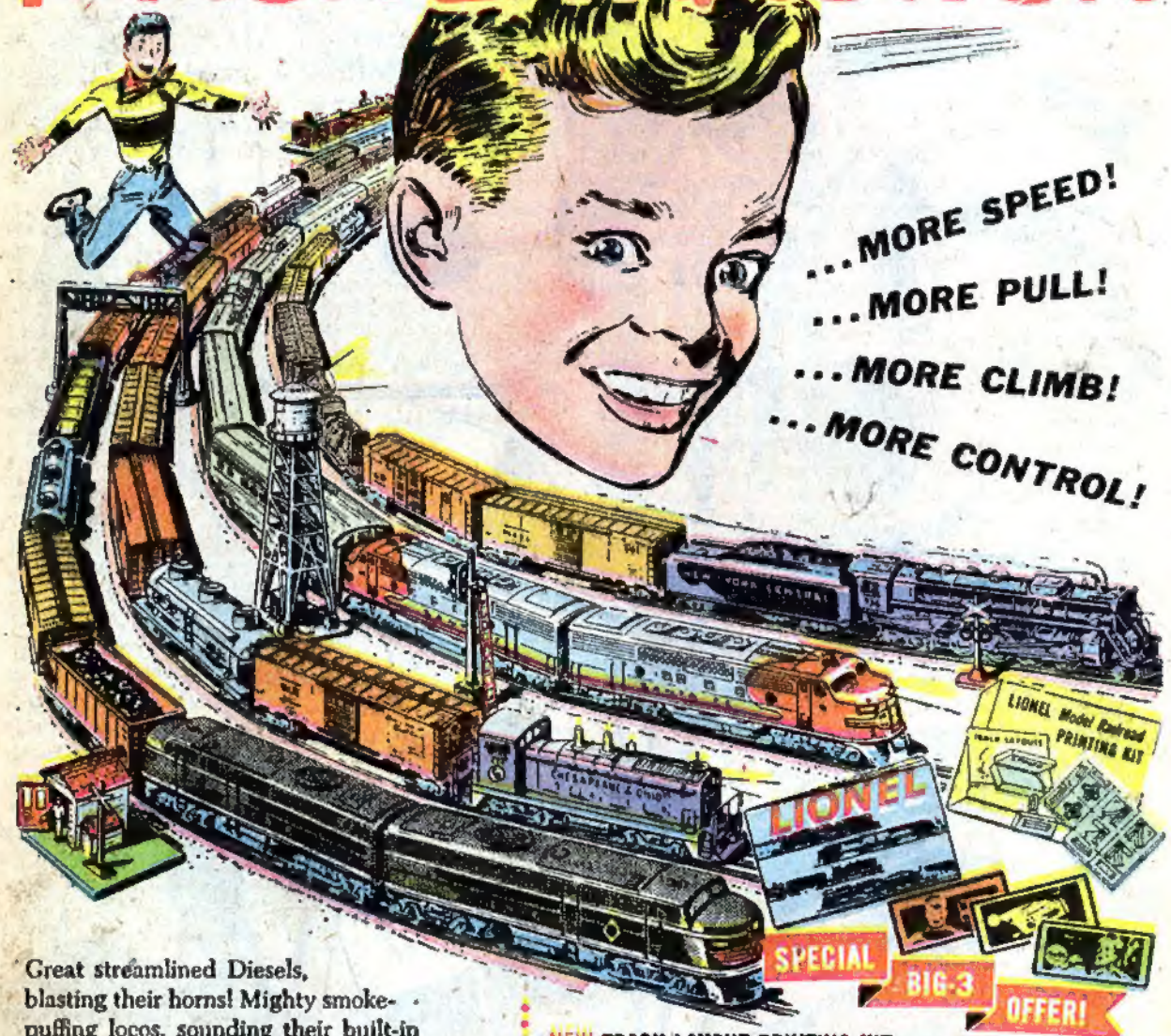
WITH

MAGNE-TRACTION



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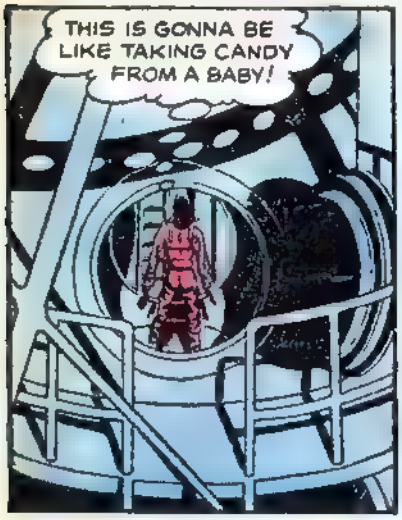
POOR ALEC! A SNAKE IN THE GRASP OF *CLEO*... AND ALEC'S ON THE WAY *OUT!* HERE'S ANOTHER GUY WHO IS HEADING OUT OF THIS WORLD! SO STEP ABOARD THE ROCKET SHIP... AND AWAY WE GO... DESTINATION UNKNOWN!

HE KIDNAPED A ROCKET

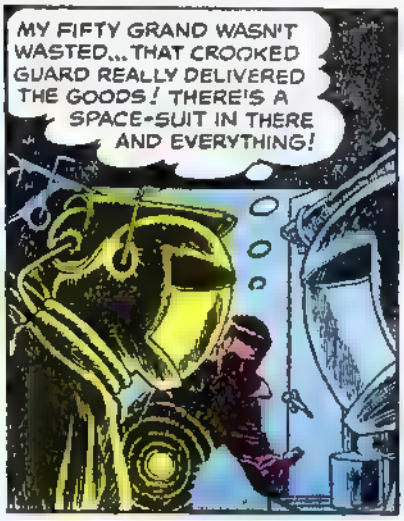
A DARK NIGHT IN DECEMBER, 2136 A.D....
THIS MAN'S NAME HAS HIT THE HEADLINES IN AT LEAST A DOZEN COUNTRIES!
SPIDER JORDAN IS GOING TO *KIDNAP A ROCKET!*
...HE IS INTERNATIONAL PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! DRAGNETS ARE OUT FOR HIM EVERYWHERE! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR HIM TO HIDE! SO NOW...
HE HAS KILLED MORE MEN THAN HE CAN REMEMBER...
TERRIFYING MYSTERY FROM A WEIRD WORLD!

© 163

SPIDER'S MOUTH TWISTS MIRTHLESSLY AS HE CRAWLS THROUGH THE ENTRANCE PANEL OF THE WAITING ROCKET...



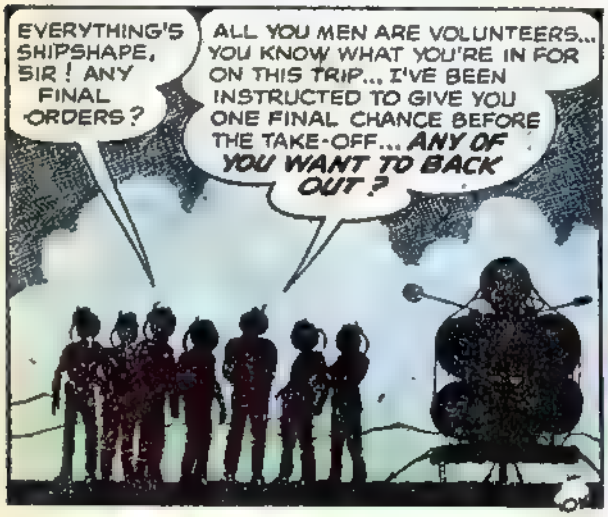
THE PROBING BEAM OF A FLASHLIGHT SHOWS HIM THE EMPTY LOCKER WHERE HE MUST HIDE TILL AFTER THE TAKE-OFF...



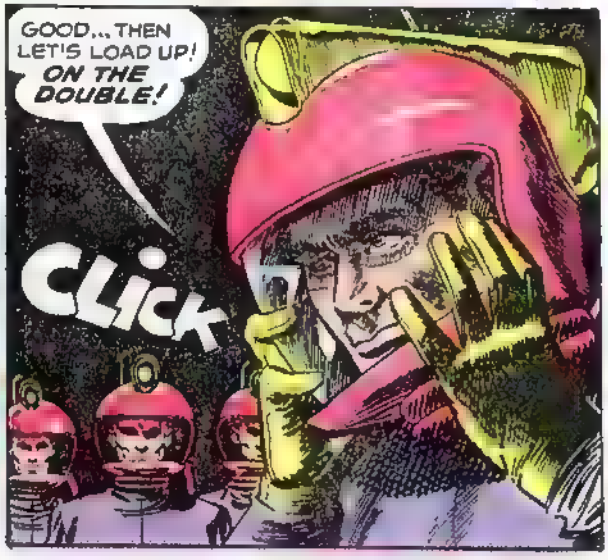
AND NOW WITH NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT WAIT, SPIDER LIES DOWN IN THE COFFIN-LIKE LOCKER, HIS ARMS FOLDED ACROSS HIS CHEST, HIS SINEWY FINGERS GRAZING THE SHOULDER HOLSTERS THAT ARE HIS TRADEMARK!

SOON HE IS SLEEPING SOUNDLY, CONFIDENT THAT THE JARRING IMPACT OF THE TAKE-OFF WILL AWAKEN HIM...

IT IS MORNING NOW... TAKE-OFF TIME IS LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR... AND THE CREW ASSEMBLES IN SOLEMN FORMATION NEAR THE ROCKET...

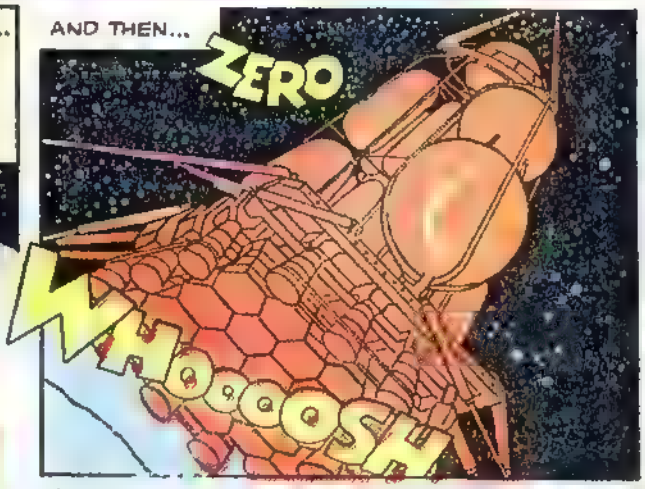

EVERYTHING'S SHIPSHAPE, SIR! ANY FINAL ORDERS?
ALL YOU MEN ARE VOLUNTEERS... YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE IN FOR ON THIS TRIP... I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO GIVE YOU ONE FINAL CHANCE BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF... ANY OF YOU WANT TO BACK OUT?

AFTER A MOMENT OF UNBROKEN SILENCE...



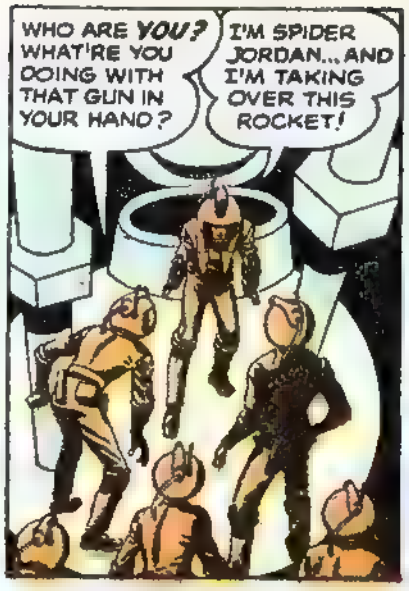
THE ROCKET'S SEALED NOW! IT IS TAKE-OFF TIME... LESS TWO MINUTES... ALL THE CREW MEMBERS ARE AT THEIR POSTS! ANOTHER MINUTE DRAGS BY... THE LAUNCHING OFFICER SLOWLY RAISES HIS HAND... FORTY-FIVE SECONDS TO GO... THIRTY SECONDS... FIFTEEN SECONDS...

AND THEN...



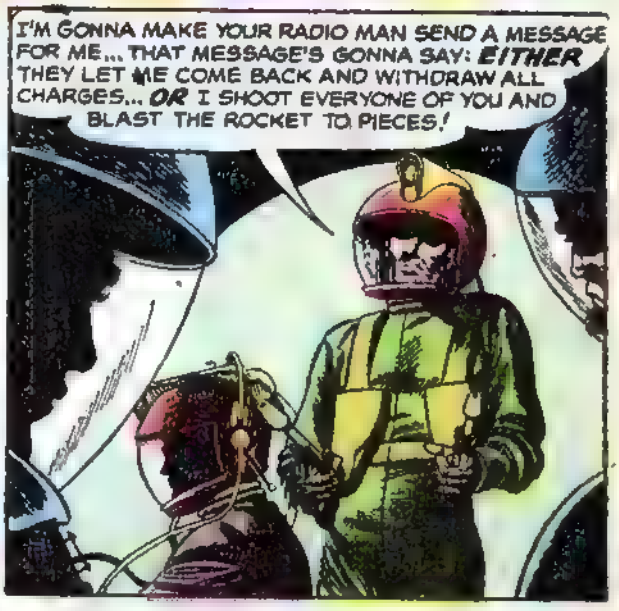
AND IN THE COFFIN-LIKE LOCKER, SPIDER'S HANDS GRASP CONVULSIVELY AT THE PISTOLS IN THE SHOULDER HOLSTERS, AS HE IS ABRUPTLY JARRED AWAKE!

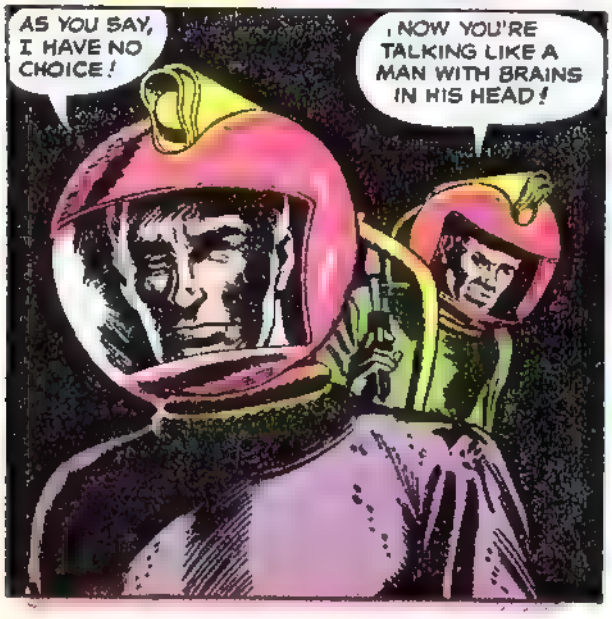
AS THE ROCKET BARRELS THROUGH SPACE LIKE A FLASHING BULLET, NO ONE HEARS THE FAINT CREAKING OF THE LOCKER COVER BEING SLOWLY RAISED BY SPIDER...
CREAK



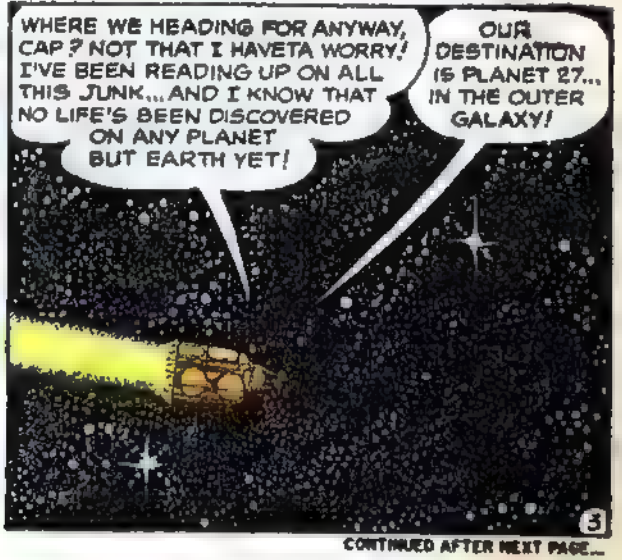
PUT THOSE GUNS DOWN! ONE SHOT IN THIS SYNTHETIC OXYGEN... AND THE WHOLE ROCKET WILL DISINTEGRATE!
DON'T I KNOW IT? THAT'S EXACTLY WHY YOU GUYS ARE GONNA DO EVERYTHING I TELL YOU TO!

I KNOW THIS IS THE ONLY ROCKET EARTH HAS THAT CAN REACH THE OUTER GALAXY... THAT IT WOULD TAKE FIFTY YEARS TO BUILD ANOTHER LIKE IT!
NOW LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE NOT TO CHANGE COURSE A SINGLE INCH! AS SOON AS WE LAND ON THE PLANET YOU'RE HEADED FOR...


I'M GONNA MAKE YOUR RADIO MAN SEND A MESSAGE FOR ME... THAT MESSAGE'S GONNA SAY: EITHER THEY LET ME COME BACK AND WITHDRAW ALL CHARGES... OR I SHOOT EVERYONE OF YOU AND BLAST THE ROCKET TO PIECES!



SO THE ROCKET MAINTAINS ITS BLINDING SPEED... ONLY NOW SPIDER JORDAN IS IN CHARGE!


WHERE WE HEADING FOR ANYWAY, CAP? NOT THAT I HAVETA WORRY! I'VE BEEN READING UP ON ALL THIS JUNK... AND I KNOW THAT NO LIFE'S BEEN DISCOVERED ON ANY PLANET BUT EARTH YET!
OUR DESTINATION IS PLANET 27... IN THE OUTER GALAXY!
3

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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Name_____ Age____

Address_____ Phone_____

City_____ Zone____ County_____

State_____ Occupation_____

EIGHT DAYS LATER, THE ROCKET'S DESTINATION IS IN SIGHT...

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS... PREPARE TO LAND LIKE THE CAPTAIN SAID!

EVERYBODY QUICKLY DONS THICK SPONGE CAPES TO HELP ABSORB THE SHOCK OF THE LANDING IMPACT!

BRAKING CHARGES ARE DETONATED TO CUT DOWN THE SUPERSONIC SPEED!

BOOM! BOOM!

A SICKENING THUD INTO CHURNED-UP SAND... A SCREECHING, AS METAL DIGS INTO BASE ROCK... AND THE ROCKET HAS LANDED ON PLANET 27 OF THE OUTER GALAXY!

THUD

CRUUNCH

OKAY, RADIO MAN... HERE'S THE MESSAGE... START SENDING! AND I KNOW MORSE CODE, SO DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY!

THE RADIO KEY IS CLICKING BUSILY INSIDE AS THREE SHADOWY FORMS STEALTHILY APPROACH THE ROCKET...

SPIDER JORDAN, INTENT ON MONITORING THE MESSAGE, IS UNAWARE OF THE OUTSIDE-CONTROLLED ENTRANCE-PANEL SLIDING SLOWLY OPEN...

CREAK

AND A MINUTE LATER...

I HAVE HIM, CAPTAIN!

WE KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN YOU DIDN'T OPEN UP RIGHT AWAY!

AIEEE! W-WHO ARE ***THEY?*** I THOUGHT THERE WAS ***NO LIFE*** ON ANY OTHER PLANET?

THERE WASN'T ANY WHEN PLANET 27 WAS FIRST DISCOVERED... BUT THE WORLD GOVERNMENT HAS SINCE ESTABLISHED A ***SECRET PRISON COLONY*** HERE FOR EARTH'S INCURABLE CRIMINALS! LOOK AROUND, SPIDER JORDAN... BECAUSE ONCE THE ***TRIAL COMMISSION*** GETS THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'RE GOING TO BE ***EXILED HERE FOR LIFE!***

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!
The World Is On FIRE
Serve The LORD and You Can Have These Prizes!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as rifles, jewelry, basketballs, silverware, home appliances, watches . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value only 35c . . . sell on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling just ONE SET of 24 Mottos. Big Prize catalog sent FREE! Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want.

Aluminum Pressure Cooker

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Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 9x11, richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the $5.00 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY send $5.00 and keep $2.40. Hurry, send today for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.

SEND NO MONEY . . . We Trust You

The FUNman, Dept. Y-133, 4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in big Prize Catalog. PRINT BELOW.

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Save 3 cent filling in, pasting and mailing this coupon. Or use Post Card today.

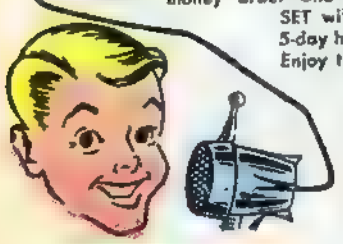
NEW 2-WAY WALKIE TALKIE
SEND MESSAGES FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE!

SEND REAL MESSAGES

Take it on your vacation for hours of fun. Your Walkie-Talkie will operate anywhere.

Amazing new 1953 Walkie-Talkie. Now talk to your friends in private, from house to house, between rooms, from yard to yard.

Set consists of TWO (2) transceivers ready to hook up between any two points. Simply attach line (included with each set) to terminals on each Walkie-Talkie. As easy to use as your telephone. Sets are rugged and engineered for utility and extra long service. *Be the first in your neighborhood. Order today! Amaze your friends.*



Send only one dollar cash, check or money order and your Walkie-Talkie SET will be shipped on a 5-day home trial—instantly. Enjoy them with your family and friends for 5 whole days on our 100% money-back guarantee. Don't lose this big bargain. Mail coupon TODAY!

$1
2 PHONES COMPLETE

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☐ I am enclosing $1.00 for the complete 2-phone Walkie-Talkie set. (Money back if not delighted)

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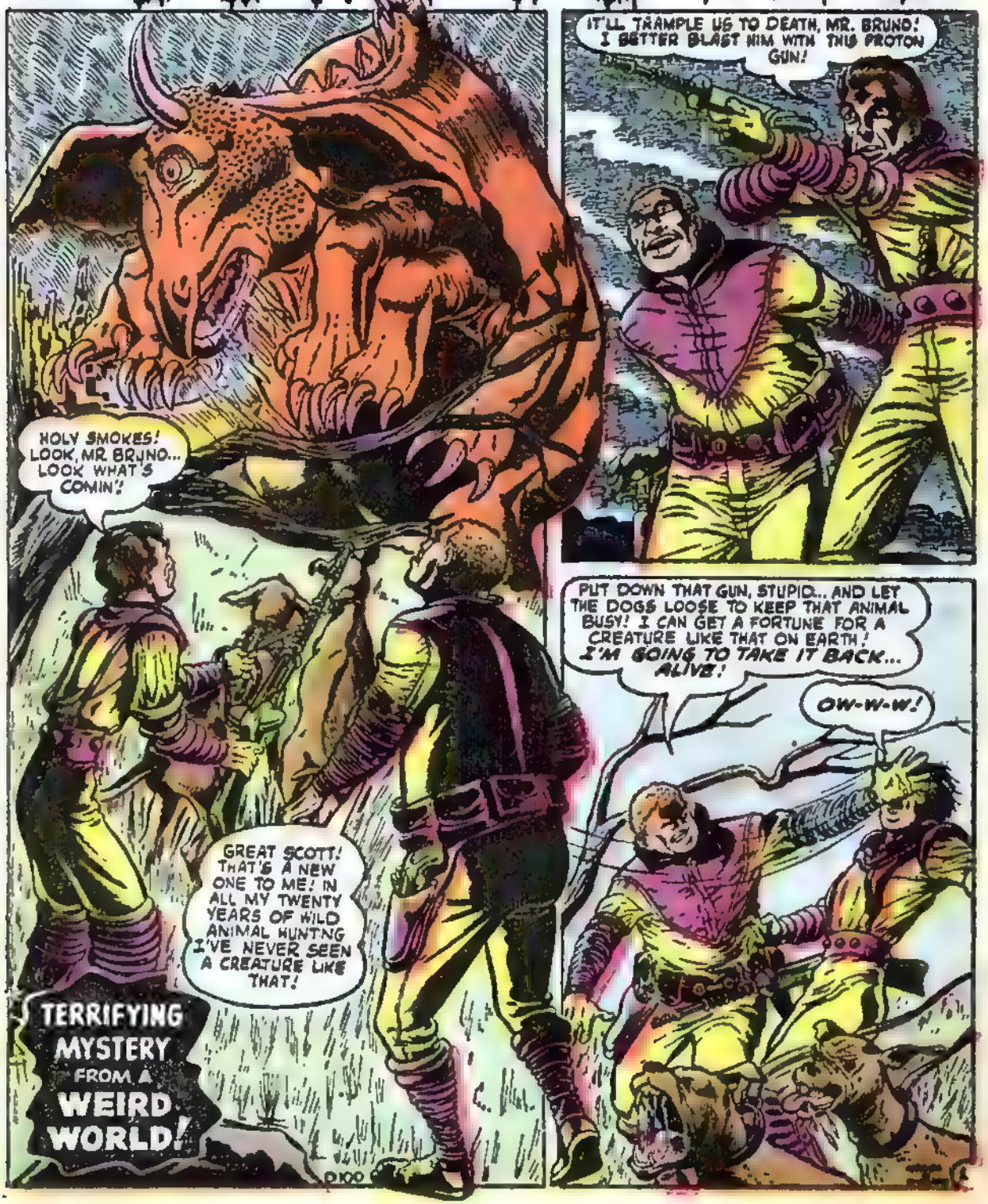
AS LONG AS WE'RE HOPPING AROUND THE PLANETS, LET'S STOP OFF *HERE* AND SEE IF THE HUNTERS ARE HAVING ANY LUCK! *BRUNO* IS AS *TOUGH* AND CRUEL AS THEY COME... BUT THERE'S *ONE* THING THAT *CAN SOFTEN* UP THE SLAP-HAPPY CREEP!

THE HUNTER


HOLY SMOKES! LOOK, MR. BRUNO... LOOK WHAT'S COMIN'!
GREAT SCOTT! THAT'S A NEW ONE TO ME! IN ALL MY TWENTY YEARS OF WILD ANIMAL HUNTING I'VE NEVER SEEN A CREATURE LIKE THAT!
TERRIFYING MYSTERY FROM A WEIRD WORLD!
IT'LL TRAMPLE US TO DEATH, MR. BRUNO! I BETTER BLAST HIM WITH THIS PROTON GUN!
PUT DOWN THAT GUN, STUPID... AND LET THE DOGS LOOSE TO KEEP THAT ANIMAL BUSY! I CAN GET A FORTUNE FOR A CREATURE LIKE THAT ON EARTH! I'M GOING TO TAKE IT BACK... ALIVE!
OW-W-W!

BRUNO'S ASSISTANT SETS THE TWO HUNTING DOGS AT THE GIANT ANIMAL AND THEY SNAP AWAY AT ITS ELEPHANTINE LEGS WHILE BRUNO LOADS HIS GUN WITH FREEZE-BULLETS...

ONE SHOT AND IT'LL BE FROZEN UNTIL I THAW IT OUT ON EARTH!

QUICK, MR. BRUNO! IT-IT'S SLAPPIN' THE DOGS AROUND AS IF THEY WERE FLEAS!

BRUNO AIMS... FIRES! AND THE MAMMOTH ANIMAL TOTTERS...

SPLEESH!

THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THE STAR QUAKES AS THE GREAT BEAST SLAMS TO THE GROUND AND LIES STILL... HIS ENTIRE BODY FROZEN BY BRUNO'S FREEZE-BULLETS...

OKAY, STUPID, GET THE EQUIPMENT FROM THE SPACE TRAILER AND LET'S GET THIS THING LOADED! THEN WE'LL HEAD BACK TO EARTH!

BUT THE HUNTING DOGS, MR. BRUNO... THEY'RE BLEEDING! THEY NEED CARE!

NEVER MIND THE HOUNDS! LET THEM LICK THEIR WOUNDS! DO AS I TELL YOU!

THE FROZEN ANIMAL IS LIFTED EASILY BY A GRAVITY-EQUALIZER PULLEY AND LOADED ON A SPACE RAFT WITH BRUNO'S OTHER CATCHES OF THE DAY...

OKAY... NOW LOWER AWAY!

THEN BRUNO TAKES OFF FROM THE JUNGLE STAR WITH HIS CARAVAN OF SPACE RAFTS AND MAKES FULL SPEED AHEAD FOR EARTH TO SELL THE RARE ANIMALS HE HAS CAPTURED ON DIFFERENT STARS AND PLANETS...

A FEW HOURS AFTER BRUNO LANDS BACK ON TERRA, AND EVERY CIRCUS AND ZOO REPRESENTATIVE IN THE WORLD IS BIDDING FOR HIS LATEST SPECIMENS...

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU A SECOND LOOK FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY! THIS IS THE ONLY ANIMAL OF ITS KIND ON THIS PLANET... THINK WHAT IT MEANS IN ADMISSION TICKETS, GENTLEMEN!

SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND!

EIGHT!

NINE!

WHO'LL MAKE IT AN EVEN *MILLION?*

A CIRCUS OWNER DOES... AND AFTER THE BIDDING, BRUNO, THE HUNTER, IS FLOODED WITH COMMISSIONS FROM THE ZOOS AND CIRCUSES TO GET ANIMALS FOR THEM...

LOOK AT THESE... THOUSANDS OF VIDEO-GRAMS ALL ASKING FOR ANIMALS! BUT WHERE CAN I GET THEM?

I... I DON'T KNOW, MR BRUNO!

THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA HAVE BEEN BARREN SINCE THE HUNTERS KILLED OFF THE LAST ANIMALS IN 1975! THE PLANET VENUS HAS NO ANIMALS! THE STAR WE CAME BACK FROM IS JUST ABOUT CLEANED OUT, AND... *HEY, STUPID! ANSWER THAT PHONE!*

YES, MR. BRUNO!

IT'S FOR YOU, MR. BRUNO! HE WON'T SAY WHO HE IS!

NEVER MIND WHO I AM! I HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR YOU... I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A PLANET FILLED WITH ANIMALS... *ALL KINDS* OF ANIMALS!

WHERE?

YOU MUST PROMISE NOT TO TELL ANYONE ELSE... AND IF YOU GO THERE... *YOU MUST GO ALONE!*

YEAH... YEAH I PROMISE! TELL ME WHERE THE PLANET IS!

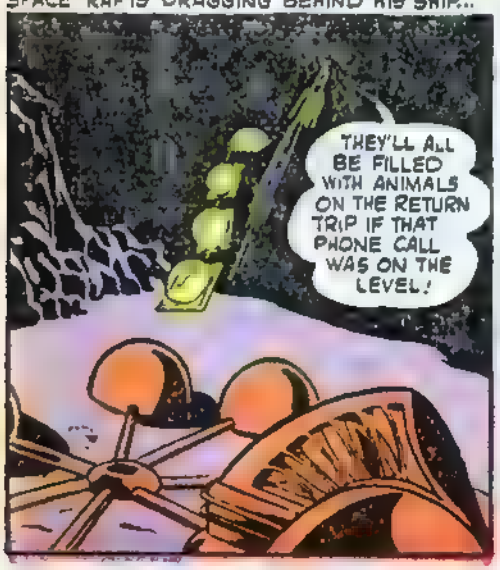
THE DIRECTIONS COME OVER THE PHONE CLEARLY AND BRUNO EAGERLY COPIES DOWN EVERY WORD, THEN...

...AND NOW, GOOD-BYE... AND *HAPPY HUNTING!*

HEY, WAIT! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT... NOW... AW-W. HE HUNG UP!

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOME WISE GUY... BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THAT CHANCE... NOT WITH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF ORDERS FOR ANIMALS ON MY DESK! I'LL START FOR THAT PLANET IMMEDIATELY!
GET THE SPACE STATION WAGON AND RAFTS READY, STUPID! QUICK! YOU'RE NOT GOING ON THIS TRIP... BUT MAKE SURE YOU WORK AROUND HERE WHILE I'M GONE!
OWW-W! Y-YES, MR. BRUNO!
OKAY, YOU TWO MUTTS... GET ABOARD!

BRUNO BLASTS OFF WITH A LONG FLEET OF SPACE RAFTS DRAGGING BEHIND HIS SHIP...



HOURS LATER, BRUNO'S ROCKET SHIP IS SPEEDING DEEP IN THE BLACK FOREST OF SPACE...

"TURN RIGHT AT SATURN". THE VOICE ON THE PHONE SAID... AND IT'S AN HOUR'S ROCKET RIDE FROM THERE! THAT MEANS I SHOULD BE... GREAT SCOTT! THE VOICE WAS RIGHT... THERE'S THE PLANET!

BRUNO CUTS HIS THROTTLE AND GOES DOWN FOR A LANDING...

THE SIGHT WHICH BRUNO SEES THROUGH THE GLASSES LEAVES HIM SHOCKED AND SPEECHLESS.

THEN BRUNO SEES HORSES RIDING HUMANS...

HE SEES A CAT WITH A HUMAN PET...

HIS GLASSES SWEEP AROUND AND HE SPOTS A ZOO...WITH HUMANS IN CAGES...

HE SEES A CIRCUS CROWD AROUND A BIG SIGN...

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! THEY...THEY'RE ALL ANIMALS AND THEY'RE TREATING THE HUMANS LIKE...LIKE ANIMALS! I'LL GIVE THEM A WELCOME THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!
OH, NO YOU WON'T... MASTER!

BRUNO'S TWO HUNTING DOGS ARE GIVEN A WARM WELCOME WHEN THE CROWD REACHES THE SPACE SHIP...

YEAH, WE FINALLY GOT HERE...WHERE ALL ANIMALS ARE EQUAL! AND ALL IT TOOK WAS A PHONE CALL TO THIS JERK!
NOW WHAT'LL WE DO WITH BRUNO...GET RID OF HIM?

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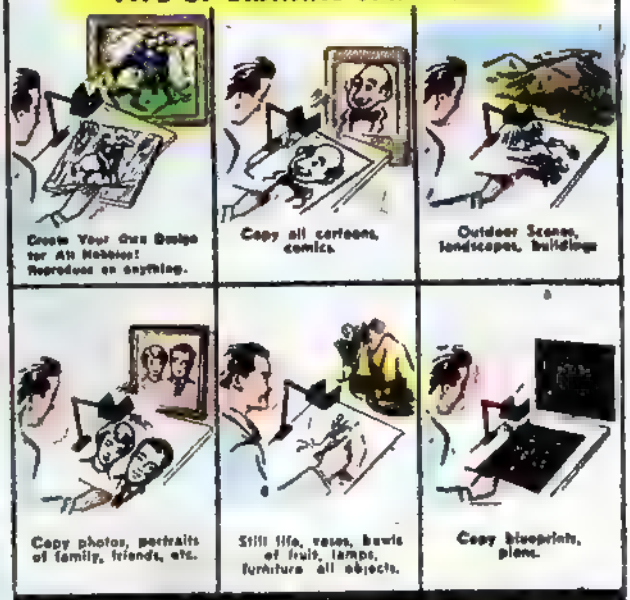
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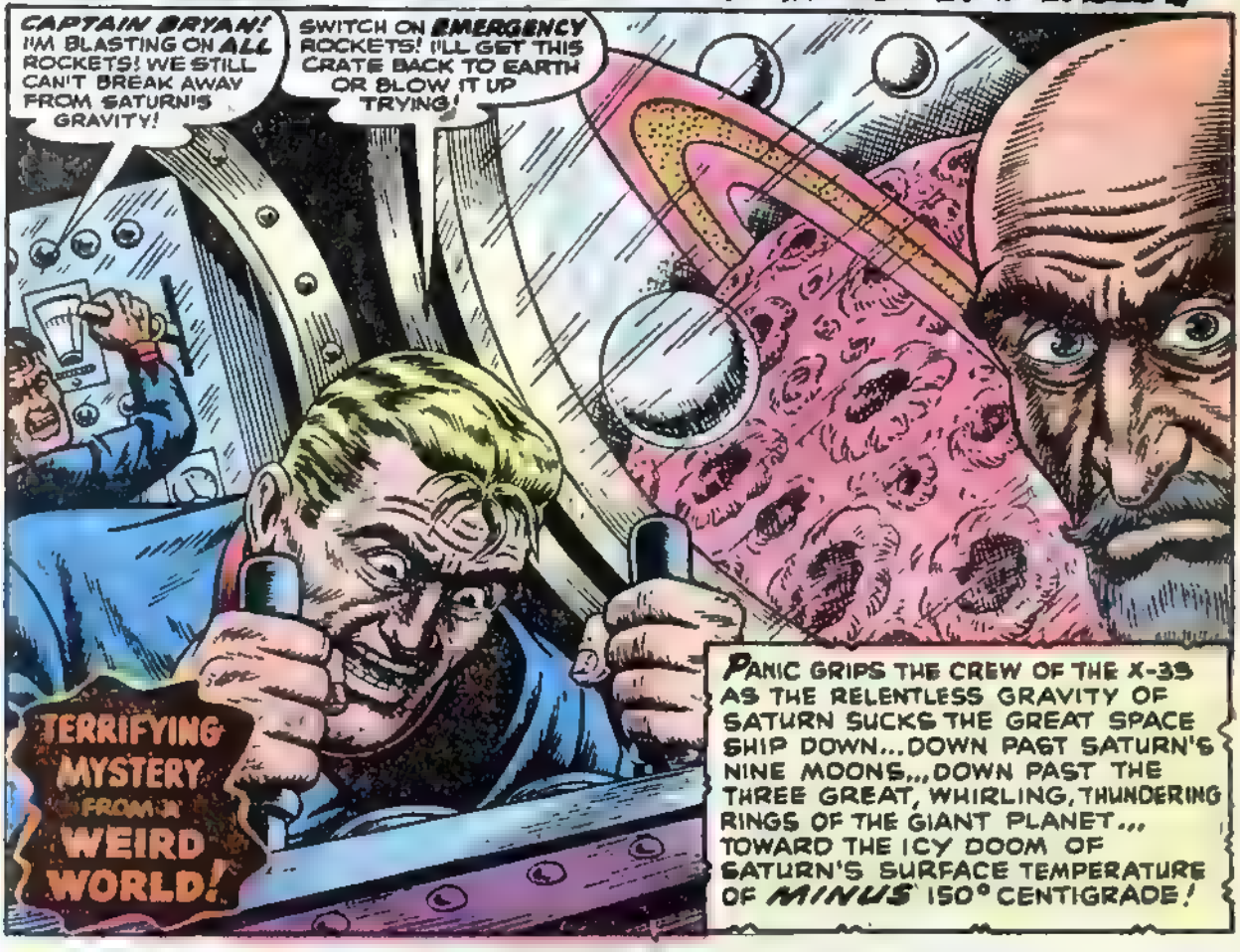
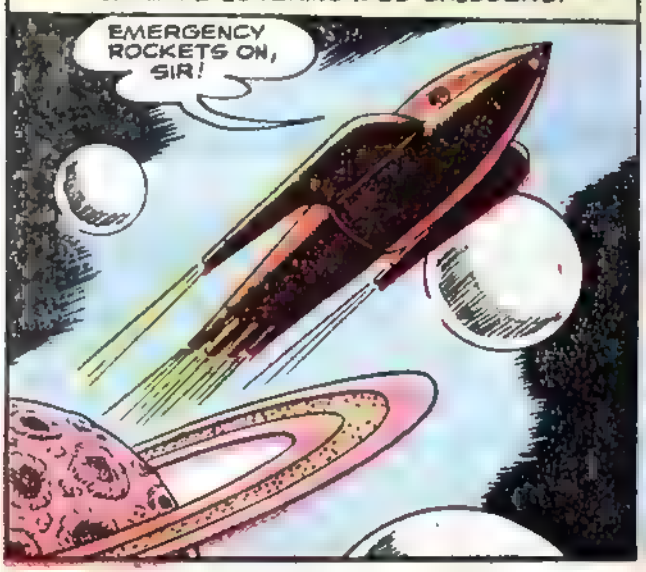
POOR BRUNO! HE'S THE SADDEST *DOG* IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM! *WE* STILL FEEL KINDA SPACE-HAPPY, SO HERE WE ARE AGAIN WAY OUT *THERE*, ON A SPACE SHIP THAT ISN'T DOING SO WELL! WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO, IF ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH STARED *YOU* IN THE FACE... AND *YOU* WERE ONLY...

HALFWAY HOME!

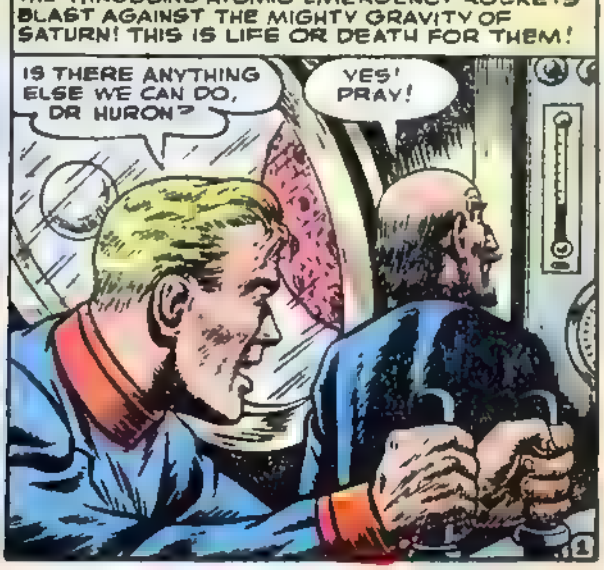

CAPTAIN BRYAN! I'M BLASTING ON ALL ROCKETS! WE STILL CAN'T BREAK AWAY FROM SATURN'S GRAVITY!
SWITCH ON EMERGENCY ROCKETS! I'LL GET THIS CRATE BACK TO EARTH OR BLOW IT UP TRYING!
TERRIFYING MYSTERY FROM A WEIRD WORLD!

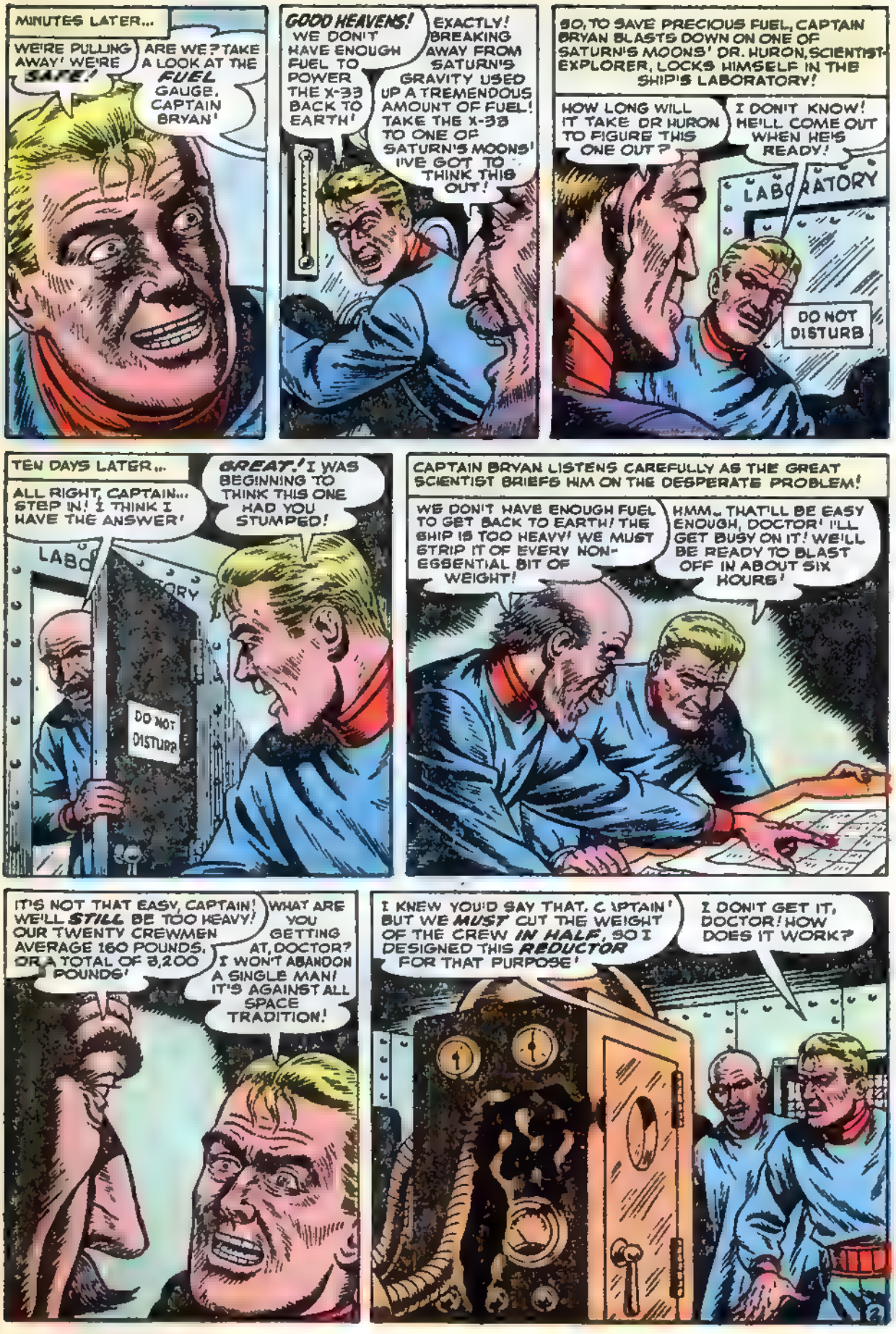
PANIC GRIPS THE CREW OF THE X-33 AS THE RELENTLESS GRAVITY OF SATURN SUCKS THE GREAT SPACE SHIP DOWN...DOWN PAST SATURN'S NINE MOONS...DOWN PAST THE THREE GREAT, WHIRLING, THUNDERING RINGS OF THE GIANT PLANET... TOWARD THE ICY DOOM OF SATURN'S SURFACE TEMPERATURE OF *MINUS* 150° CENTIGRADE!

THE EMERGENCY ROCKETS CUT IN WITH A SCREECHING ROAR...THE QUIVERING X-33 SHUDDERS!



THE SPACEMEN ABOARD THE X-33 HANG ON AS THE THROBBING ATOMIC EMERGENCY ROCKETS BLAST AGAINST THE MIGHTY GRAVITY OF SATURN! THIS IS LIFE OR DEATH FOR THEM!




MINUTES LATER...
WE'RE PULLING AWAY! WE'RE SAFE!
ARE WE? TAKE A LOOK AT THE FUEL GAUGE, CAPTAIN BRYAN!
GOOD HEAVENS! WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO POWER THE X-33 BACK TO EARTH!
EXACTLY! BREAKING AWAY FROM SATURN'S GRAVITY USED UP A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF FUEL! TAKE THE X-33 TO ONE OF SATURN'S MOONS! I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT!
SO, TO SAVE PRECIOUS FUEL, CAPTAIN BRYAN BLASTS DOWN ON ONE OF SATURN'S MOONS! DR. HURON, SCIENTIST-EXPLORER, LOCKS HIMSELF IN THE SHIP'S LABORATORY!
HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE DR HURON TO FIGURE THIS ONE OUT?
I DON'T KNOW! HE'LL COME OUT WHEN HE'S READY!
LABORATORY
DO NOT DISTURB
TEN DAYS LATER...
ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN... STEP IN! I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER!
GREAT! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK THIS ONE HAD YOU STUMPED!
LABORATORY
DO NOT DISTURB
CAPTAIN BRYAN LISTENS CAREFULLY AS THE GREAT SCIENTIST BRIEFS HIM ON THE DESPERATE PROBLEM!
WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH FUEL TO GET BACK TO EARTH! THE SHIP IS TOO HEAVY! WE MUST STRIP IT OF EVERY NON-ESSENTIAL BIT OF WEIGHT!
HMM... THAT'LL BE EASY ENOUGH, DOCTOR! I'LL GET BUSY ON IT! WE'LL BE READY TO BLAST OFF IN ABOUT SIX HOURS!
IT'S NOT THAT EASY, CAPTAIN! WE'LL STILL BE TOO HEAVY! OUR TWENTY CREWMEN AVERAGE 160 POUNDS, OR A TOTAL OF 3,200 POUNDS!
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, DOCTOR? I WON'T ABANDON A SINGLE MAN! IT'S AGAINST ALL SPACE TRADITION!
I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT, CAPTAIN! BUT WE MUST CUT THE WEIGHT OF THE CREW IN HALF, SO I DESIGNED THIS REDUCTOR FOR THAT PURPOSE!
I DON'T GET IT, DOCTOR! HOW DOES IT WORK?
2

I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL STRAP THIS MONKEY IN THE REDUCTOR... AND... YOU'LL SEE HOW IT WORKS!
DR. HURON SLAMS THE DOOR OF THE MYSTERIOUS REDUCTOR AND TURNS ON THE CURRENT!
AND WHEN THE DOCTOR OPENS THE DOOR...
THERE! NOW DO YOU SEE WHAT WE MUST DO, CAPTAIN?
THE MONKEY... IT'S BEEN REDUCED TO HALF-SIZE! YOU MEAN THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO DO TO THE WHOLE CREW?!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN ALL GET BACK TO EARTH! NOW I'LL PROVE TO YOU THE REDUCTOR WORKS ON HUMANS! JUST PRESS THE SWITCH, CAPTAIN!
I...I GUESS IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT!
SO DR. HURON GIVES HIMSELF THE TREATMENT!
I HOPE THIS WORKS!
BUT...WHEN CAPTAIN BRYAN OPENS THE DOOR!
GREAT SCOTT! NO! I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO EARTH THAT WAY!
WHAT'S WRONG? THE REDUCTOR REDUCED THE MONKEY TO HALF-SIZE! IT MUST WORK ON HUMANS!
IT DOES WORK! BUT... NOT THE SAME WAY!
THE END

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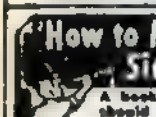

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..CONTINUED

with a rubber handle. The Gentleman inserted this tentatively in the door jamb, pressed slightly. There was a sudden, faint sputter, then a flash.

"Shorted," The Gentleman said with satisfaction. "That takes care of the burglar alarm. Then he stuffed another tool Terry gave him into the door lock and wrenched.

Crack! The lock snapped.

Instantly the door swung in, silently. Both men crowded in, closed it behind them, then headed for a corridor, along which was strung piles of boxes.

"Here we are," Jimmy said, coming to another door. He opened it slowly. Beyond, through the darkness, Terry could see the main lobby of the museum. The door closed behind them.

"Good thing we cased this place yesterday," Terry said, as the Gentleman led him noiselessly up a staircase. "Brrrrrr—it's like bein' in a graveyard!"

"Well, that's what it is," Jimmy said, chuckling, in a low whisper. "A sort of second-hand graveyard."

They passed through the Egyptian room, full of mummies and mummy cases, stone statues of ancient Egyptian gods. They walked, on silent feet past Roman sculptures, past grinning Aztec gods until they came to a sign reading: *Ancient Sumerian Culture— Hittites, Persia,* 2,000 -1,000 *B.C. Room E.*

Before them, dark, silent, already placed on its dais, was the coffin, directly in the center of the immense Room E.

"Why would they bury boat models with a stiff in his coffin?"

"To remind him of his former life in the land of the dead," the Gentleman said, selecting another tool from Terry's kit. "I guess he did a pile of travelling by water around Persia."

Now they were standing in front of the great coffin. Behind them, the faint sounds of the watchman, making his rounds, died away on the floor below. The Gentleman's hand shot out, pulled open the great lid. From within rose the odors of balsam, cedar and great age. Swiftly he produced a flashlight, snapped it on.

In the brilliant circle of light, the face of the mummy was visible, drawn, thin, haggard, but well preserved. Then the light moved to the foot of the open coffin. There lay the tiny boat models.

"Fifty grand!" the Gentleman murmured and picked one up, peering at the graceful construction, at the tiny, perfectly carved bodies of the slave rowers, at the bank of oars, at the face of the man sitting in the prow, who resembled the face of the mummy. Abruptly he gasped: "Terry —good Lord, Terry! I can't let go of it!"

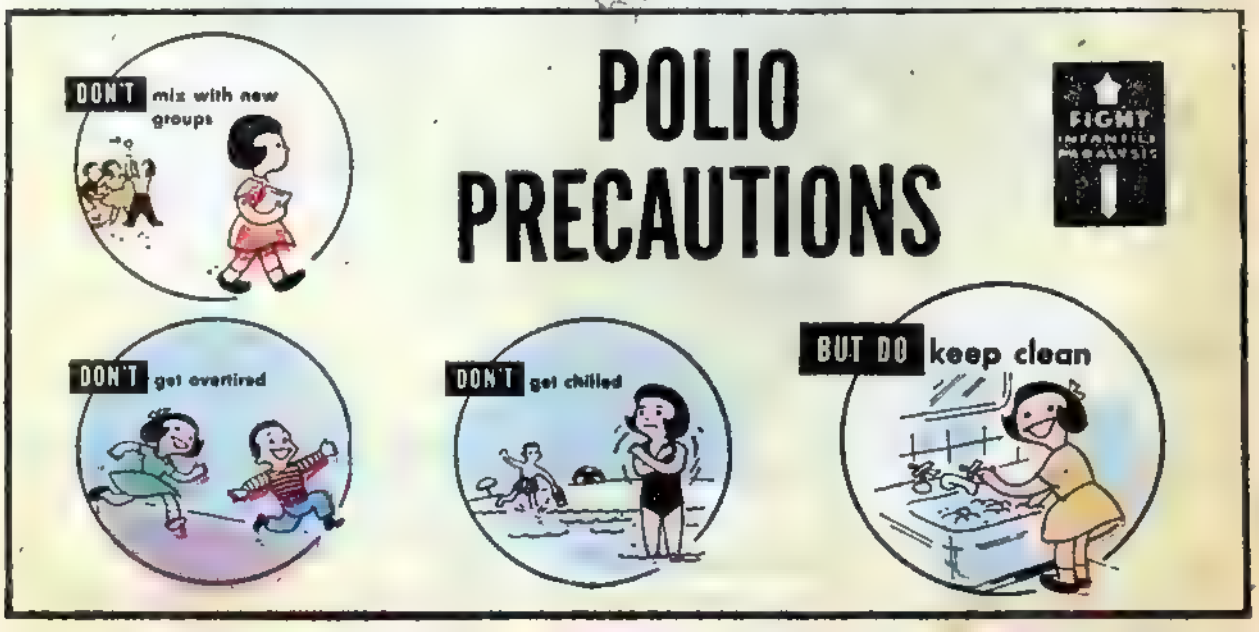
An infinite pain shot through him as he tried to tear the boat from his grasp. A block of ice seemed to close round his heart. Suddenly he felt he was dwindling in size, growing smaller, smaller. A universe of flashing lights exploded across his field of vision. And just before he lost consciousness, he heard Terry scream:

"Jimmy — it's the watchman! He's back! Jimmy, he's got a gun!" Then a pause, and then: "Jimmy, where the devil are you? You've gone, you've been taken by the curse!"

The world of Gentleman Jimmy Corkcoran faded to oblivion.

It was the sharp crack of a whip on his shoulders that opened his eyes speedily to blinding, brilliant sunlight, to blue skies, to a vista of strange buildings and an ancient land. Gentleman Jimmy sat at a rowers bench, chained, pulling an oar. Looking down, horrified he saw he was dressed as a Hittite slave. And when he looked at the face of the proud aristocrat who sat in the prow, he gasped, for now he knew whose it was. Now he knew what the curse had been—to trap him back in time to 4,000 B.C. where he would live out his life as a slave at the oars to serve the man whose mummy he had tried to rob in 1953 A.D.!

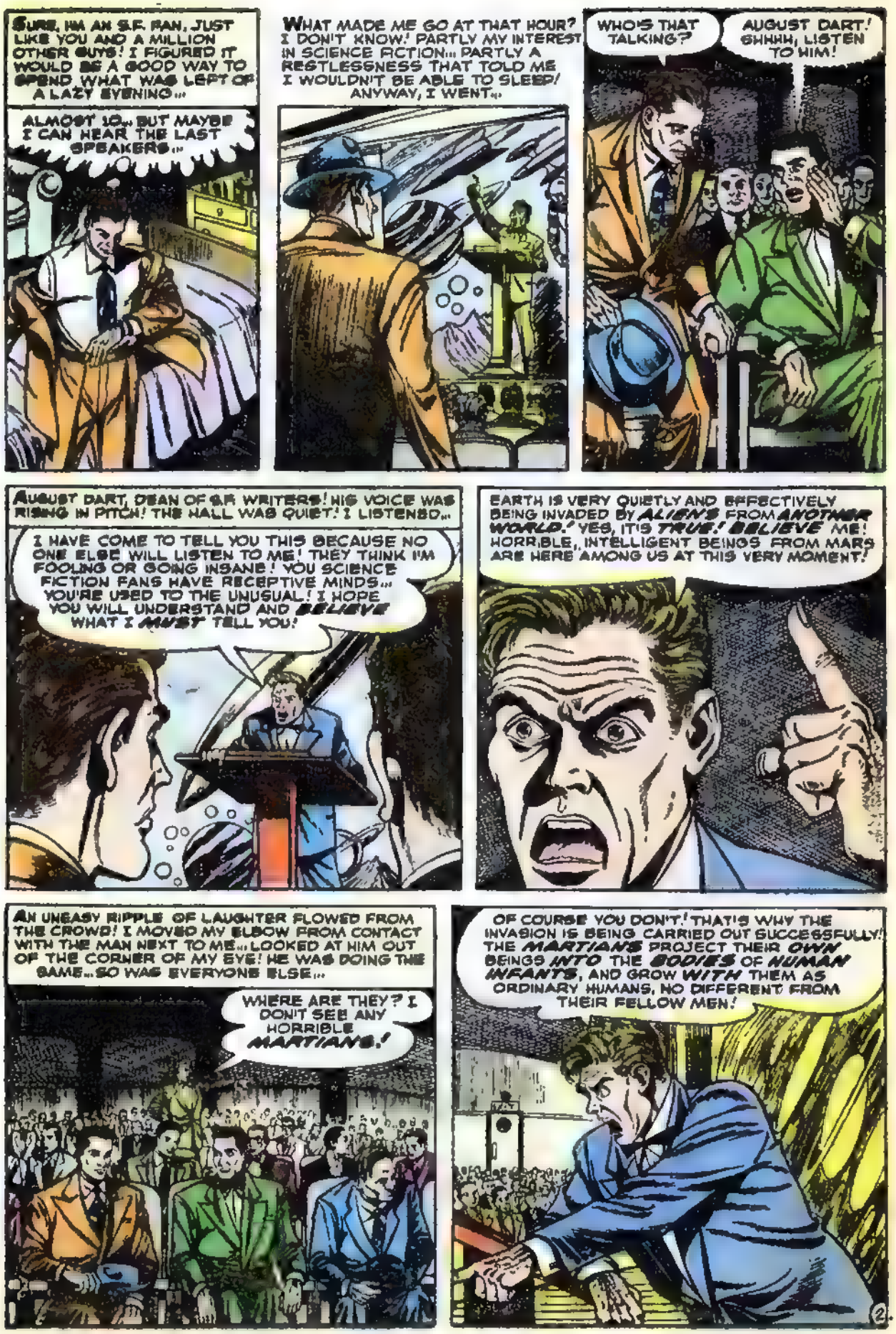
THE END D271



WE'RE SURE *YOU* MUST BE AS KEEN ON SCIENCE FICTION YARNS AS *WE* ARE, SO WE'VE COOKED UP A TERRIFIC WEIRDIE FOR YOU TO WIND UP THE PROCEEDINGS IN THIS ISSUE! BETTER PAY CAREFUL ATTENTION TO WHAT *SAM* HAS TO SAY...'CAUSE *HE KNOWS* WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!

LOOK OUT for the MARTIANS

DID YOU EVER SEE A *THING* LIKE *THIS* BEFORE? IT'S A *MARTIAN!* NO, DON'T SMILE! *YOU* MIGHT *SEE* ONE... *I* DID!
DAN FORTE
I'M NOT KIDDING! AND IT WAS FUNNY THAT IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO *ME!* I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY... MY NAME'S SAM TAYLOR! I'M A SALESMAN ...HARDWARE'S MY LINE...
TERRIFYING MYSTERY FROM A WEIRD WORLD!
I'M ON THE ROAD A LOT! THAT'S HOW COME I WAS IN PHILLY AND FOUND OUT ABOUT THE NATIONAL CONVENTION THERE OF THE SCIENCE FICTION FAN CLUBS.
"MEETING OF REPRESENTATIVES OF SCIENCE FICTION FAN CLUBS TO BE HELD AT CONVENTION HALL TONIGHT AT 8:30! SPEAKERS TO BE WELL-KNOWN S.F. WRITERS..."


SURE, I'M AN S.F. FAN, JUST LIKE YOU AND A MILLION OTHER GUYS! I FIGURED IT WOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO SPEND WHAT WAS LEFT OF A LAZY EVENING...
ALMOST 10... BUT MAYBE I CAN HEAR THE LAST SPEAKERS...
WHAT MADE ME GO AT THAT HOUR? I DON'T KNOW! PARTLY MY INTEREST IN SCIENCE FICTION... PARTLY A RESTLESSNESS THAT TOLD ME I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP! ANYWAY, I WENT...
WHO'S THAT TALKING?
AUGUST DART! GWHHH, LISTEN TO HIM!
AUGUST DART, DEAN OF SF WRITERS! HIS VOICE WAS RISING IN PITCH! THE HALL WAS QUIET! I LISTENED...
I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU THIS BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WILL LISTEN TO ME! THEY THINK I'M FOOLING OR GOING INSANE! YOU SCIENCE FICTION FANS HAVE RECEPTIVE MINDS... YOU'RE USED TO THE UNUSUAL! I HOPE YOU WILL UNDERSTAND AND BELIEVE WHAT I MUST TELL YOU!
EARTH IS VERY QUIETLY AND EFFECTIVELY BEING INVADED BY ALIENS FROM ANOTHER WORLD! YES, IT'S TRUE! BELIEVE ME! HORRIBLE, INTELLIGENT BEINGS FROM MARS ARE HERE AMONG US AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
AN UNEASY RIPPLE OF LAUGHTER FLOWED FROM THE CROWD! I MOVED MY ELBOW FROM CONTACT WITH THE MAN NEXT TO ME... LOOKED AT HIM OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE! HE WAS DOING THE SAME... SO WAS EVERYONE ELSE...
WHERE ARE THEY? I DON'T SEE ANY HORRIBLE MARTIANS!
OF COURSE YOU DON'T! THAT'S WHY THE INVASION IS BEING CARRIED OUT SUCCESSFULLY! THE MARTIANS PROJECT THEIR OWN BEINGS INTO THE BODIES OF HUMAN INFANTS, AND GROW WITH THEM AS ORDINARY HUMANS, NO DIFFERENT FROM THEIR FELLOW MEN!
2.

THE WRITER'S EVIDENT SINCERITY HAD FIRST BROUGHT AN EERIE FRIGHT TO HIS LISTENERS! BUT NOW A PROTECTIVE SCORN HAD SWEPT THE FEAR AWAY..
DO YOU THINK WE'RE FOOLS?
WHAT IS THIS..THE PLOT FOR YOUR NEXT NOVEL? WE CAME HERE TO LISTEN TO FACTS, NOT FAIRY TALES!
I TELL YOU IT'S THE TRUTH! LISTEN TO ME..BELIEVE ME! THE SCANNERS...
COME ON, MR. DART, BEFORE WE HAVE A RIOT!
BOOOO! BOOOO!
I GOT UP AND LEFT THE HALL! THE SCORNFUL LAUGHTER AND BOOS OF THE AUDIENCE FOLLOWED ME AS I MADE MY WAY TO THE STREET!
THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT! I'M NOT STAYING TO LISTEN TO WILD-EYED WRITERS TRYING TO SCARE THE PANTS OFF ME! GUESS I'LL GET A SANDWICH AND A CUP OF COFFEE BEFORE I TURN IN!
DINER
TONIGHT
I WAS PUTTING KETCHUP ON MY HAM AND EGG SANDWICH, WHEN A MAN SLID ONTO THE STOOL NEXT TO ME! HE SPOKE...
SAW YOU AT THE CONVENTION ACROSS THE STREET! THAT WAS QUITE A SCENE!
HUH? OH, YEAH! THAT AUGUST DART MUST BE A NUT!
THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK! THEY TOOK HIM TO AN INSANE ASYLUM! HE WAS RAVING ABOUT THE MARTIAN INVASION! FUNNY THING ABOUT IT IS ..HE'S NOT INSANE ..HE WAS SPEAKING THE TRUTH!
HUH? OH, COME ON NOW.. YOU DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT STUFF?
DART SPOKE OF THE SCANNERS, REMEMBER? DO YOU KNOW WHAT A SCANNER IS?
WELL, I'VE READ ABOUT THEM IN SF STORIES! THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PEOPLE WHO CAN LOOK THROUGH SOLID WALLS.. LOOK INTO A PERSON'S SOUL SORT OF.. TELL WHAT HE IS! BUT PEOPLE LIKE THAT DON'T REALLY EXIST!
YES THEY DO! THAT'S HOW WE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE MARTIANS! YOU SEE, I'M A SCANNER!
9

I STOPPED CHEWING! I WANTED TO GET OUT OF THERE, BUT HIS EYES WERE LIKE HANDS, HOLDING ME...

AS AUGUST DART SAID, THE MARTIANS PROJECT THEMSELVES INTO BABIES! THE CHILD GROWS, NOT EVEN KNOWING IT'S ONLY A FLESHLY ***SHELL*** FOR AN ***ALIEN BEING.*** THEN WHEN THE ***MARTIAN*** REACHES ***MATURITY***, IT BECOMES AWARE OF ITSELF, ITS MASQUERADE, AND ITS PURPOSE!

IF ***WE***, THE ***SCANNERS***, DON'T GET TO IT BEFORE THE AWARENESS COMES, THEN IT IS TOO STRONG AND WILL ***KILL*** THE ***SCANNERS INSTEAD.*** WE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL, BECAUSE IF WE'RE CAUGHT KILLING THESE MARTIANS WHO LOOK LIKE MEN, WE'D BE DECLARED MURDERERS BY THE LAW! ONLY ***WE*** KNOW THAT WE'VE KILLED A DANGEROUS ***MARTAIN*** AND ***NOT*** A ***MAN.***

HIS HAND FASTENED ON MY ARM! I SENSED A TERRIBLE DANGER THAT SEEMED TO EMANATE FROM HIM...

YOU SEEM TO BELIEVE ME, I THINK! WE NEED HELP! COME WITH ME AND YOU WILL MEET THE OTHER SCANNERS!

NO! I...I'M TIRED! I'VE GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH!

I RAN! SURE, ***YOU*** WOULD'VE TOO!

HE'S NUTS! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS TOWN! I'M GETTING MY SAMPLE CASE AND TAKING THE NEXT TRAIN TO NEW YORK!

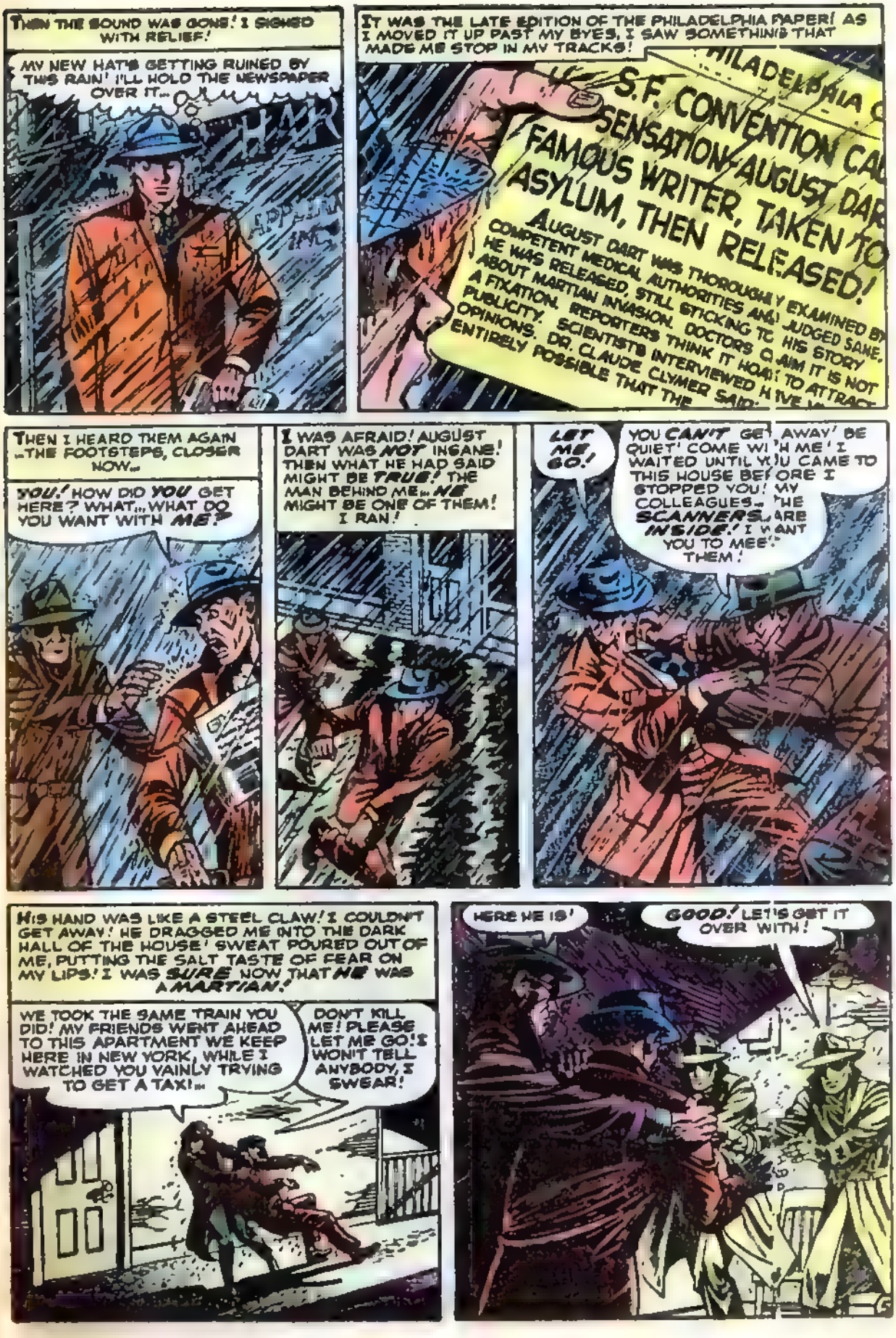
THE TRAIN WAS WARM AND WELL LIGHTED! THE PASSENGERS WERE NICE, ORDINARY PEOPLE! I RELAXED...THE PANIC INSIDE ME SUBSIDED! AFTER A WHILE I BEGAN TO CHUCKLE...

I BET THAT GUY IS HAVING A GOOD LAUGH TELLING HIS FRIENDS HOW HE SCARED ME! AND I WAS BELIEVING HIM! HE WAS PROBABLY ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE S.F. WRITERS! BOY, I'M GOING TO LAY OFF READING THAT STUFF!

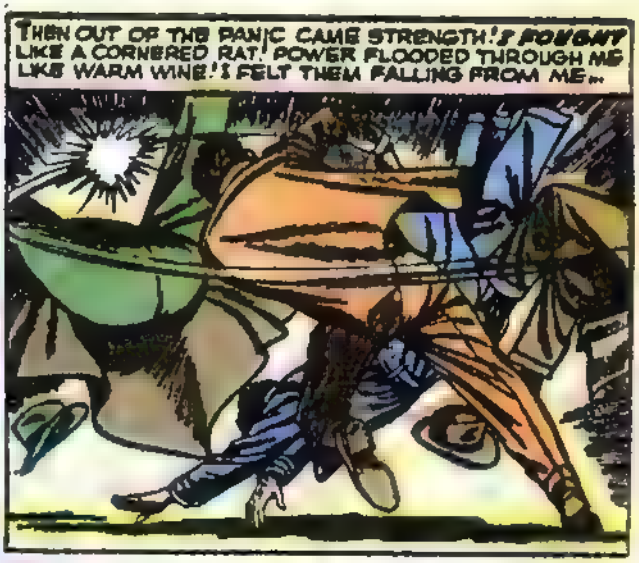
I BECAME DROWSY...THEN FELL ASLEEP! THEN I WAS IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION...

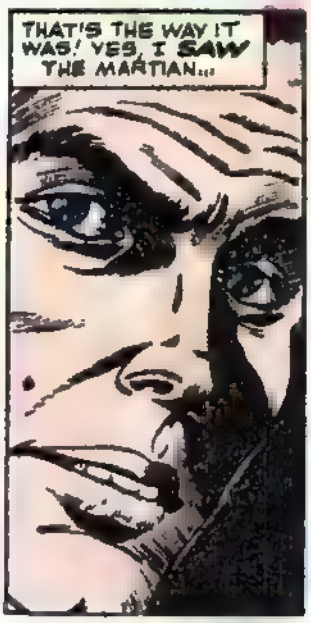
IT WAS RAINING AND I COULDN'T GET A TAXI! I STARTED TO WALK TOWARD MY APARTMENT ON THIRD AVE. AND 45 TH.... THAT'S WHEN I HEARD IT...

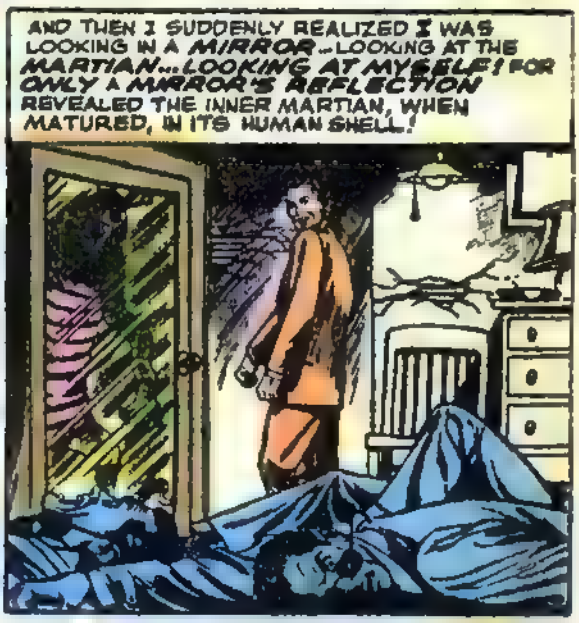
FOOTSTEPS... BEHIND ME! I'M BEING FOLLOWED!

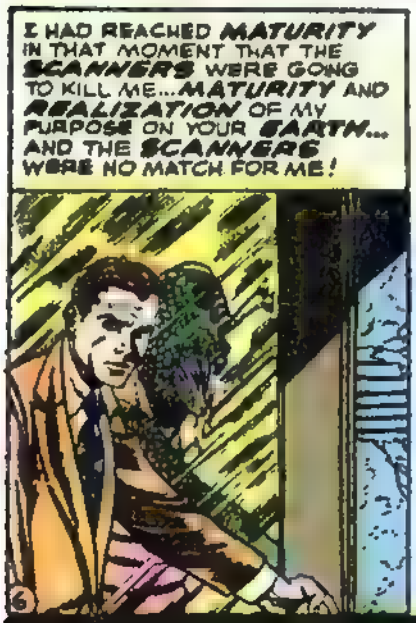

THEN THE SOUND WAS GONE! I SIGHED WITH RELIEF!
MY NEW HAT'S GETTING RUINED BY THIS RAIN! I'LL HOLD THE NEWSPAPER OVER IT...
IT WAS THE LATE EDITION OF THE PHILADELPHIA PAPER! AS I MOVED IT UP PAST MY EYES, I SAW SOMETHING THAT MADE ME STOP IN MY TRACKS!
PHILADELPHIA
S.F. CONVENTION CA
SENSATION-AUGUST DAR
FAMOUS WRITER, TAKEN TO
ASYLUM, THEN RELEASED!
AUGUST DART WAS THOROUGHLY EXAMINED BY COMPETENT MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AND JUDGED SANE. HE WAS RELEASED, STILL STICKING TO HIS STORY ABOUT MARTIAN INVASION. DOCTORS CLAIM IT IS NOT A FIXATION. REPORTERS THINK IT HOAX TO ATTRACT PUBLICITY. SCIENTISTS INTERVIEWED HAVE VARIOUS OPINIONS. DR. CLAUDE CLYMER SAID: "IT IS ENTIRELY POSSIBLE THAT THE
THEN I HEARD THEM AGAIN ...THE FOOTSTEPS, CLOSER NOW...
YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE? WHAT... WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?
I WAS AFRAID! AUGUST DART WAS NOT INSANE! THEN WHAT HE HAD SAID MIGHT BE TRUE! THE MAN BEHIND ME... HE MIGHT BE ONE OF THEM! I RAN!
LET ME GO!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY! BE QUIET! COME WITH ME! I WAITED UNTIL YOU CAME TO THIS HOUSE BEFORE I STOPPED YOU! MY COLLEAGUES... THE SCANNERS, ARE INSIDE! I WANT YOU TO MEET THEM!
HIS HAND WAS LIKE A STEEL CLAW! I COULDN'T GET AWAY! HE DRAGGED ME INTO THE DARK HALL OF THE HOUSE! SWEAT POURED OUT OF ME, PUTTING THE SALT TASTE OF FEAR ON MY LIPS! I WAS SURE NOW THAT HE WAS A MARTIAN!
WE TOOK THE SAME TRAIN YOU DID! MY FRIENDS WENT AHEAD TO THIS APARTMENT WE KEEP HERE IN NEW YORK, WHILE I WATCHED YOU VAINLY TRYING TO GET A TAXI...
DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE LET ME GO! I WON'T TELL ANYBODY, I SWEAR!
HERE HE IS!
GOOD! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

THEY GRABBED ME! I SAGGED, MY HEART POUNDING AS THOUGH IT WOULD BURST! I PLUNGED DOWN INTO CRAZY, ABYSMAL FEAR...FEAR THAT MADE ME ACT LIKE A GIBBERING IDIOT..
AH! OHHHHHHH!


THEN OUT OF THE PANIC CAME STRENGTH! I FOUGHT LIKE A CORNERED RAT! POWER FLOODED THROUGH ME LIKE WARM WINE! I FELT THEM FALLING FROM ME...




AND THEN I SUDDENLY REALIZED I WAS LOOKING IN A MIRROR...LOOKING AT THE MARTIAN...LOOKING AT MYSELF! FOR ONLY A MIRROR'S REFLECTION REVEALED THE INNER MARTIAN, WHEN MATURED, IN ITS HUMAN SHELL!


I HAD REACHED MATURITY IN THAT MOMENT THAT THE SCANNERS WERE GOING TO KILL ME...MATURITY AND REALIZATION OF MY PURPOSE ON YOUR EARTH... AND THE SCANNERS WERE NO MATCH FOR ME!

YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET, KIDDIES! TAKE OUR ADVICE AND DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF WEIRD WORLDS! LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

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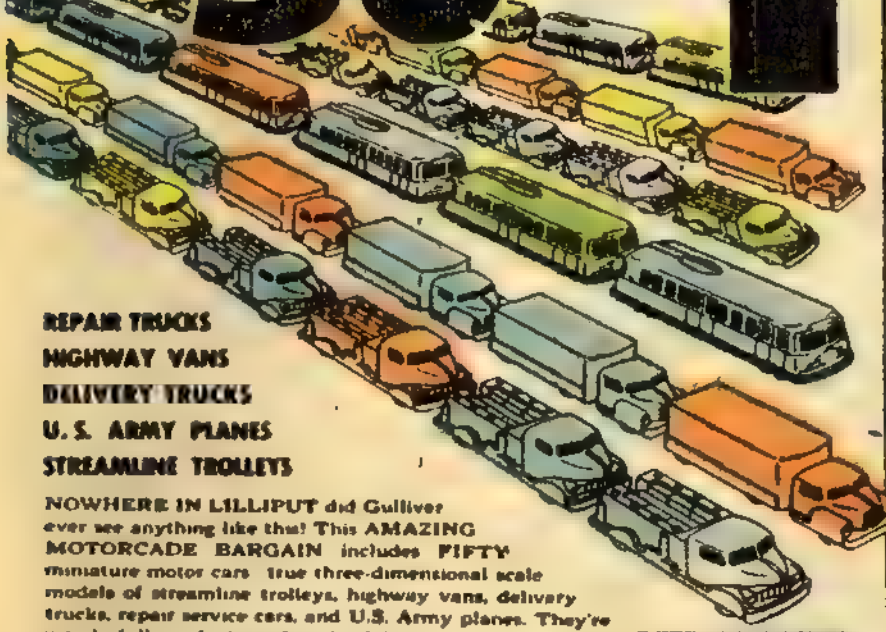

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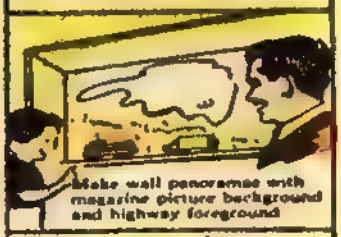
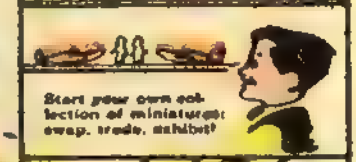


Make wall panorama with magazine picture background and highway foreground



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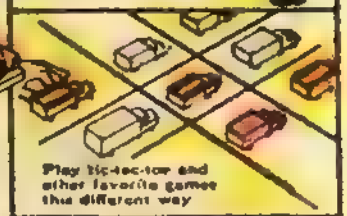

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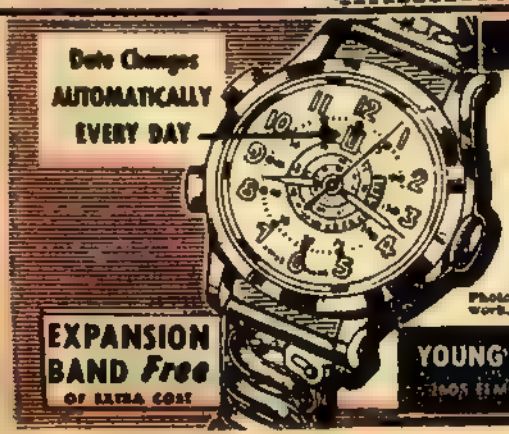

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CHICKEN CHESTED **WEAKLING** BELOW WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

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NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more. Just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add 7 inches to your **CHEST** 3½ inches to EACH **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

JOHN SILL was a 125 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING LOOK at him NOW. A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe as **YOU** can be soon!

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How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

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says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

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After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON

I TRAINED THESE MEN

LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP

"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. F. Slate, Corsicana, Texas.

GOOD JOB WITH STATION

"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here . . . more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.

$10 TO $15 WEEK SPARE TIME

"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios . . . averaged $10 to $15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Bohnsen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3NM1, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 30th Year.

Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3NM1
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

VETS write in date of discharge _____

HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U. S. ARMED FORCES

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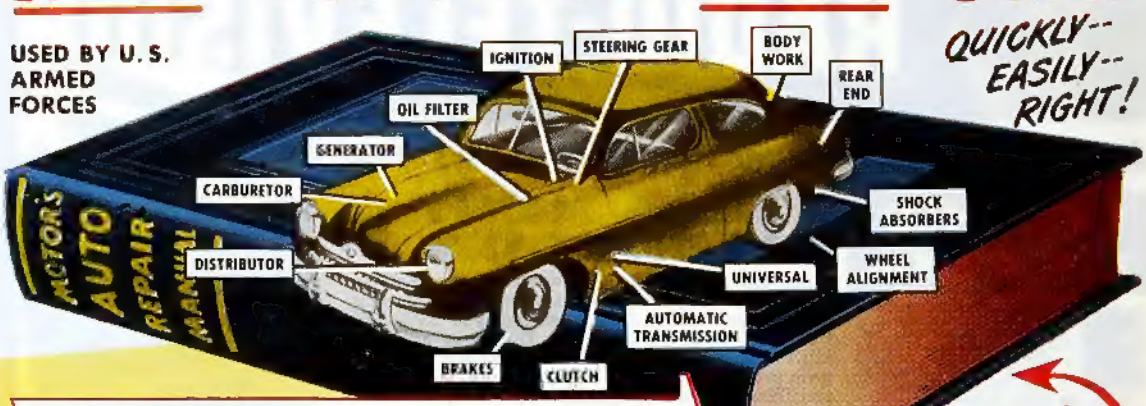

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Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch mechanic, you'll find short-cuts that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible"!

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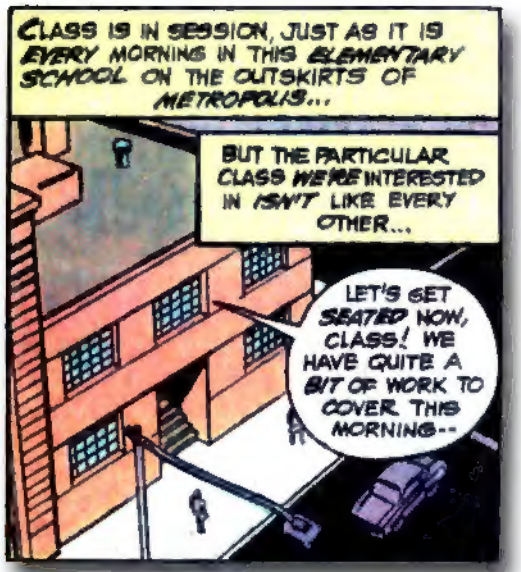
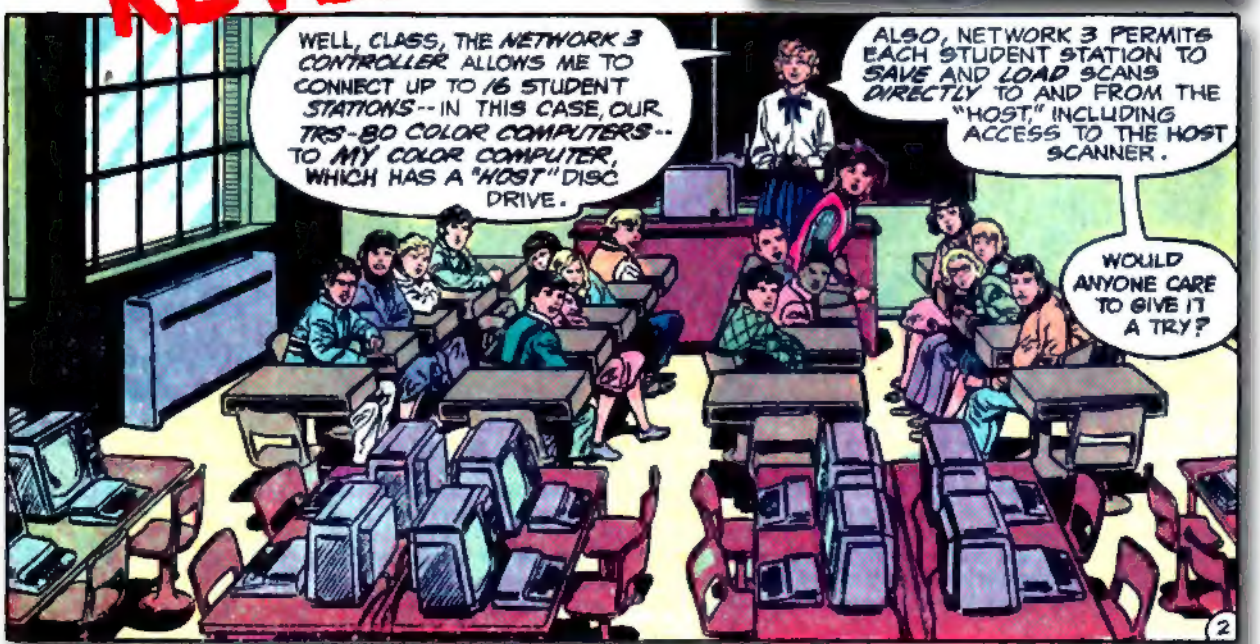
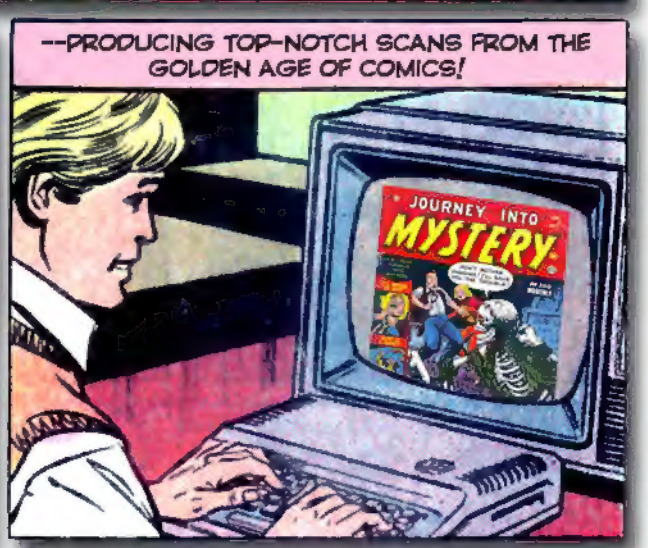
SECRETS of the PMACK SCANNING EMPIRE REVEALED


CLASS IS IN SESSION, JUST AS IT IS EVERY MORNING IN THIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...
BUT THE PARTICULAR CLASS WE'RE INTERESTED IN ISN'T LIKE EVERY OTHER...
LET'S GET SEATED NOW, CLASS! WE HAVE QUITE A BIT OF WORK TO COVER THIS MORNING--


WELL, CLASS, THE NETWORK 3 CONTROLLER ALLOWS ME TO CONNECT UP TO 16 STUDENT STATIONS -- IN THIS CASE, OUR TRS-80 COLOR COMPUTERS -- TO MY COLOR COMPUTER, WHICH HAS A "HOST" DISC DRIVE.
ALSO, NETWORK 3 PERMITS EACH STUDENT STATION TO SAVE AND LOAD SCANS DIRECTLY TO AND FROM THE "HOST," INCLUDING ACCESS TO THE HOST SCANNER.
WOULD ANYONE CARE TO GIVE IT A TRY?
2

ALL RIGHT, LET'S SWITCH ON OUR COMPUTERS AND GET STARTED.
AND SO, FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CLASS-ROOM AS THE SIXTH-GRADERS APPLY THEMSELVES TO THE TASK AT HAND--



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